

Loneliness by **ImperialMajest**

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Summary: Jonathan hears a tapping at his window in the middle of the night. Stonathan SLASH.

Loneliness

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Jonathan sat quietly in his room shuffling through his many photographs, occasionally pausing at one as it transfixed him in a reverie of memories. They were laid out upon the thick, shag carpet like many small mirrors glistening in the faint light of the room. They were places, mostly, a water tower, or building as the sun cast just the right light or shadow.

Meaningless, he thought, a foolish, pretentious hobby, which only furthered the distances between himself and his peers. Not that their approval was worth much, but the lack of contact, the failure to construct skills in relating to other, that was perhaps a greater loss. Photography. What was the real point? He wasn't any good; he had long since understood that. Yet he still tried, still thought about it. Often. Very often, indeed. When one was working on it, striving for excellence, for achieving something, it felt good. It felt like accomplishment. But when it was over, when he reviewed his work, it never was up to snuff. Never of any real quality, or interest, or originality. He could not truly see it for himself, but he always sensed that any expert, any person of real talent or credibility, would spot its amateur-ness, for lack of a better word, a mile away, see clearly its immaturity and lack of refinement.

Jonathan rubbed his eyes wearily. He was tired, very tired. There was never any rest, what with school, and work and keeping watch of Will when his mother was working, which was usually. He scooped up the many photographs and returned them to the old shoebox, which he stored under his bed. I'll keep them, he thought, I always keep them. He stood up from the floor and stretched, cracking his back as he did so. He checked the time and saw it was nearly midnight and thought it time to sleep. More school tomorrow. More work, more tiredness, and more ridicule, not that it mattered. Jonathan climbed into bed and pulled the comforter up to his chest as he reached for the lamp, but before he could turn out the light there was a sharp tap, three taps really, against the window. His brow furrowed. It came again, this time more fierce.

Jonathan rose from his bed slowly and approached the window with hesitation. Nothing bad, he thought, couldn't be anything bad. Perhaps it was Nancy, his mind began to race in a strange hopefulness that defied any likelihood, he had to remind himself. He undid the latch and raised up the sash, slowly. The cool night air drifted into the room as he squinted into the darkness.

"Hey," came a soft, nervous voice. A masculine voice. A figure stepped into the light, his dark hair, high and glistening, his eyes searching. It was the handsome face of Steve Harrington.

Jonathan simply stared for a moment, a little shocked. He knew Steve, well partially. Better now than he had when he smashed his camera. But he didn't know him like this. They certainly did not have a relationship that amounted to much more than the occasional cordial greeting or nod of the head. Certainly, not a friendship where any kind of time would be spent together, let alone an unannounced drop in in the middle of the night.

"Steve," said Jonathan, "what are you doing here?"

Steve shoved his hands in his jeans pockets and looked down, his head slightly crooked to the side.

"Can I come in?" he asked.

"Why don't you just use the door?" Jonathan asked as Steve rolled his eyes.

"Don't be so practical," he said as he lifted himself gracefully through the small window. Steve now stood before him, standing several inches taller than Jonathan, and let out a small breath.

"Hey," he said again, this time with a small smile. It was all Jonathan could manage not to smile back. He swallowed nervously instead. This was Steve, Steve Harrington, the beautiful, popular, athletic boy Jonathan had watched from a distance, but never truly known.

"Hey," Jonathan whispered back, a little dazed by his stare. "What are you doing here?" he asked again, taking a step back from his visitor.

"Oh, you know," said Steve, rubbing the back of his neck, "Nance is

out of town, my parents too, so I thought, maybe I'd check in here."

"Right," Jonathan said, as if that explanation made any sense to him.

"Can I stay the night?" Steve asked hopefully. "It's just lonely at home and..." He trailed off.

"Sure, yeah. Of course," Jonathan responded without at all thinking.

"Great," Steve said rather enthusiastically.

What was he doing, Jonathan thought frantically? He didn't know this person really at all and now he was going to spend the night? How was this going to work? What would he say? How could he sleep? Steve was so, well so, incredibly good looking, he allowed himself to think before cursing himself for doing so.

Steve removed his jacket and then stripped off his jeans before lounging on the bed in his briefs, completely unabashed. Jonathan couldn't help but let his eyes flick to the bulge in the tight fabric. Steve quirked an eyebrow, a small, arrogant smirk appearing on his face. Jonathan turned away quickly, his face burning.

"I'll sleep on the floor," he said as he went to retrieve a pillow and more blankets.

"Don't do that," said Steve, "we can share the bed, it's big enough." Jonathan swallowed hard.

His mind was at war with itself: the unbelievable desire to share a bed with a pants-less Steve Harrington against all of his reasoning. It was a bad idea, a very, very, bad idea. Something was bound to happen. A mistake made that could never be retracted. A... *stiffening* which could make things very uncomfortable. Nonetheless Jonathan felt his feet carrying him over to the bed. He lied down beside Steve and reached to put out the lamp. Steve crawled under the covers and then they both lay there in the dark, silent.

"Watchya thinkin'?" he asked after a long moment. He was so upbeat, so cheerful, not at all like Jonathan had formerly known him to be. It made it all the worse. Made him seem all the more welcoming.

"Oh, nothing," Jonathan whispered. Steve nodded. Jonathan rolled onto his side and clamped his eyes shut, tightly, letting out a long breath. He had to keep control. It was alright, it was just a sleep over-just sleep.

"What's up?" Steve asked, moving closer to Jonathan. Jonathan froze when a single warm hand was placed on his tensed back. "What's wrong?"

"I'm fine," Jonathan assured rather unconvincingly. There was a short pause. The warm hand began to caress his back gently. Steve laid his head on Jonathan's pillow and let his hot breath hit the back of Jonathan's neck.

"What's bothering you?" he asked gently. Jonathan shook his head in denial.

"Nothing," he said.

"Are you embarrassed that I saw you looking at me?" Steve asked softly. Jonathan tensed even more, if that was possible. No, no, no, no, Jonathan thought horrified. The hand continued to stroke his back. "It's okay," Steve continued. "Do you like looking at me?" Jonathan stayed frozen for a moment.

"I'm not queer," he finally said.

"Do you like looking at me?" Steve asked again, whispering softly into Jonathan's ear. Jonathan let out a moan-like sigh. "It's okay if you do. I won't tell anyone," Steve said. Jonathan didn't know what came over him, but he found himself nodding.

"You do?" Steve asked. Jonathan nodded again. Steve rested his hand on Jonathan's shoulder before pushing him off his side back onto his back. "Then look, if you want," he said. Steve was propped up on an elbow looking down at him with a slight smile on his face. His eyes were gentle and Jonathan couldn't help but admire his beauty. "You like what you see, Byers?" Steve asked rather huskily.

Jonathan closed his eyes tightly yet again, embarrassed and angry with himself. Steve's thumb began gently stroking his cheekbone.

Steve let his head fall back onto the pillow and he breathed into Jonathan's ear.

"I like that you like me," he whispered. Jonathan both loved and hated the words. He felt pathetic, quivering under the touches and taking pleasure in the meaningless words from an oddly flattered guy taking pleasure in his admiration, pleased with his appraisal. His own confidence bolstered while he, Jonathan was agonized by the inescapable impossibility of it all.

Steve's hand cupped his cheek while the thump continued the caresses. Jonathan sighed out with pleasure as a tear trickled down his cheek. Steve froze for a moment, but then wiped the tear away.

"I like looking at you, too, you know," he whispered into Jonathan's ear. Jonathan held his breath at this. It couldn't be true. "Sometimes I see you out by yourself, taking photographs, and I just watch you. If I don't see you in the hall at school I feel sad. I like seeing you, I miss seeing you."

Jonathan was quivering all over now, not knowing what to say or think. Feeling him so close was beyond euphoric. Incredible contentedness. Unbelievable relief swelled through him. Jonathan felt himself blushing at what Steve said. This time it was he reveling in flattery from this beautiful, strong boy. There were several quite moments when Jonathan only felt Steve's warm breath as he breathed against his neck. Steve was now pressed right against Jonathan, his crotch rubbing against Jonathan's thigh.

"Have you ever been touched before? Have you ever touched anyone?" Steve asked in a hushed tone. Jonathan wanted to squirm. The feelings of embarrassment were returning, the feelings of unworthiness. Steve had been with many nameless girls as well as Nancy. Jonathan had been with no one.

"No," Jonathan said rather ashamedly. Steve pulled Jonathan still closer to himself.

"That's okay," he reassured softly. "Do you want me to?" Jonathan felt himself nodding slowly. He felt hands creep up under his shirt and soon it had come off entirely.

Their breathing became heavy and Jonathan slid down and then kicked off his pajama bottoms so that he too was only in his briefs. The two embraced as their hands wandered around each other's bodies and their lips finally met. It was hungry and desperate but also soft and tender and Jonathan felt his hands tingling with the excitement and pleasure of it all. Steve removed his shirt and Jonathan stopped for a moment and just stared at his well-sculpted body. Steve watched his appraisal through his long lashes, his eyes heavy with lust.

"Touch me, Jonathan," he said somehow as both a command and a plea.

Jonathan's hands hesitantly graced his chest and abdomen, stroking the smooth skin slowly. Steve's eyes fluttered closed and he pulled Jonathan back, flush against him, chest to chest. Jonathan's arms laced around Steve and placed his hands over the long expanse of his back. Steve placed his head in the crook of Jonathan's neck, showering it with small, soft kisses. Steve bucked his hips forward and suddenly their firm erections were pressed against one another through the thin fabric of their underwear. Jonathan let out a quiet whimper from the back of his throat. Finally, Steve could bare it no longer.

He swung himself on top of Jonathan and began covering his body with kisses as he drew down toward his waste band. His fingers traced over the boundary between soft skin and elastic slowly. Steve pressed his lips to Jonathan's navel and then rubbed his face against the stiff rod outlined in his briefs. Jonathan made another desperate sort of sigh. Steve could feel Jonathan's hips beginning to press upward against his face. Steve suppressed a smile and then let his fingertips catch the elastic waste band.

He pulled down Jonathan's briefs and took the hardened member in his hand, placing a kiss on its head. Jonathan shivered. Steve ran his thumb along the shaft several times before plunging it fully into his mouth. Jonathan almost bucked up off the bed. His head fell back against his pillow as Steve began to bob his head up and down in rapid succession. Jonathan's fingers laced their way into Steve's long, lush hair, his thumbs stroking his temples. Steve continued, but Jonathan could bare it no longer. His stomach contracted several

times as he came whilst still buried into Steve's mouth. Steve swallowed and then let the cock slip from his mouth as he rested his head against Jonathan's thigh, catching his breath. Jonathan continued to stroke his hair all the while. After several moments Steve began to kiss his way back up Jonathan's body until he reached his lips, which he caught with his own.

They kissed for several minutes. Soft, tender, needy kisses. Jonathan's hands wandered around Steve's back while Steve held on tightly to Jonathan's head. They finally broke away, panting and Jonathan tucked his head under Steve's chin. His hands began to stroke Steve's sides and eventually his stomach, fingers grazing over the soft hairs that resided there beneath his navel. He lifted his head and Steve caught his eye with an intent stare. Jonathan's eyes flicked downward for a moment as his hands ceased their ministrations; he swallowed nervously.

"It's alright," Steve whispered, "You can touch me. Touch me, Jonathan."

A hesitant hand palmed him through his underwear and Steve let his eyes close with the pleasure. Jonathan began rubbing him and Steve pulled his head down and started planting small kisses upon his forehead as he did so. It continued like this until Steve had begun to make quiet whimpering noises against the top of Jonathan's head, at which point he pulled down the confining garment and grasped Steve's erection in his fist and began to stroke him properly. Steve was breathing very heavily now and pulled Jonathan still further into his embrace. As he started to push his hips forward into Jonathan's fist his body had a small spasm and he pressed his lips passionately over Jonathan's as he came into his hand.

Jonathan licked his hand and then whipped the rest onto the discarded underwear as Steve pulled him back in for another kiss. The two lied together for many moments in each other's embrace silently. Steve stroking Jonathan's cheek with his thumb while Jonathan ran his fingers through the back of Steve's hair. Jonathan was quivering slightly and Steve firmed his hold on him.

"Are you okay?" he asked gently. There was a short pause. Jonathan eventually nodded.

"I've just never done that before," he said.

"That's okay," said Steve. "Was it okay?" Jonathan nodded again, a bit more enthusiastically. Steve smiled.

"You're not gonna tell anyone I'm queer, are you?"

"Why would I do that?" Steve asked.

"I don't know."

"The truth is, I like you Byers-

"I like you too," Jonathan whispered.

"-And you don't need to worry about me being a jackass anymore." Jonathan smiled. "You look tired." Jonathan nodded. "Then let's sleep," Steve said as he planted another kiss on his forehead and nuzzled his head against his shoulder.